

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



ON THE WAY TO WINTER QUARTERS.

THE SOWER'S REWARD.

CHAPTER XI.—EXPEDIENTS.

"How tyrannical are the demands of a course of bathing when one entirely submits to it!" cried Miss Perowne to her companion, Miss Jay, as she returned from the baths.

"As tyrannical as the demands of a husband when one entirely submits to him, perhaps," said Miss Jay, with an attempt at repartee.

"Why, no, not quite; and do you know, my dear,

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the latter is a species of tyranny of which I never intend to make trial? Freedom of action has come to me rather late in life, and I enjoy it. I enjoy going wherever I will; doing whatever I like; doing nothing I don't like; choosing my own friends and acquaintances, seeing them as much and as often as I like; not obliged to be civil and hypocritical to any who do not suit me: spending, giving, and lending just as much or as little as I choose. All this is very pleasant, I can tell you."

"I should think so," said Miss Jay, quite

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

sincerely. "I assure you I think you the happiest of women."

"One of the happiest, I believe I am, at least for the present," said Miss Perowne. "One never knows how long anything may last. I may lose my health."

"You have Dr. May—"

"Or my spirits—"

"They never fail you!"

"Or my temper—"

"The sky may fall," said Miss Jay, with an incredulous laugh; "but I don't believe it."

"Well, well, you're an unbelieving puss. You keep a faithful account of our expenses here, Gussy?"

"To a penny; and Dr. May checks my accounts."

"Here comes Dr. May—we shall hear his report of this Knight of the Rueful Countenance and his Sancho. Well, Dr. May, what report?"

"No very good one, I'm sorry to say, Miss Perowne. These men seem to be mere adventurers. The lean one—we won't mention names—"

"Call him Don Fernando."

"Don Fernando is professor of languages in some Biscayan city, and plays high, drinks deep, fights duels, and does not always pay his bills. The little merry fat man with surprising moustache—"

"Captain Moustache—"

"Is a duellist also; plays also, drinks also; has left an indifferent character behind him at a great many places; is very fond of borrowing money of the gentlemen, and of making love to the ladies."

"Humph! I shall take care he does neither to me. If he attempts it, he may find himself in the wrong box. It seems clear, then, that however they amuse us, we must beware of them. I lost a good deal by that amusing game of chance introduced by Moustache—it seemed child's play at first, but it was no child's play as he carried it on."

"No more than thimble-rigging."

"Why should men so clever stoop to anything so mean?" said Miss Jay, meditatively.

The objects of these remarks were meanwhile pacing an alley not very far off. Manuel descried Charley Fairford at a distance, and said sardonically, "Ha, ha!—the British boy! Did you see his face yesterday, when I threw away my cigar within half an inch of Miss Hobson's dress?"

"Perhaps he thought, as I do," said Villanos, "that a gentleman should have been more careful."

Manuel presently resumed: "He was repeating poetry to her at the time. It stereotyped itself in my memory, because it was so odd. Bear with my bad accent, you who are professor of languages, while I repeat it—"

"You owe me five farthings."

Said the bells of St. Martin's.

"When will you pay me?"

Said the bells of the Old Bailey."

"Curious, that," said Villanos, composedly. "Almost as curious as the Tre Giuli, which you know about, I dare say."

"No; tell me."

"The Italian poet, Casti, was unadvised enough one day, when he was hard up, poor fellow (as men of genius often are), to borrow three *giuli* of a friend, or of a man whom he supposed to be such—meaning, of course, to repay him as soon as he possibly could. That time was long coming—longer than he thought. Money came in so slowly, you know; and when it did come in, was so soon spent—"

"Ay, but—"

"Bear with me. Meanwhile, the creditor, who was a clever fellow too, and mighty pleasant—only he didn't like being done out of his money—was continually meeting him, and always had a pleasant word for him, speaking of this and that—the news of the day—the last battle—the new Pope—and so forth; but, somehow or other, he always introduced these few words unexpectedly—"I say; when am I going to have my three *giuli*?"

"Clever fellow," said Manuel, laughing.

"But the other was cleverer," pursued Villanos, "and in the end had the best of it."

"Undoubtedly the creditor had the worst of it if he didn't get paid," said Manuel. "What then?"

"These inopportune queries of his creditor worried poor Casti almost out of his life, and quite disturbed that mental calm and tranquillity which, to a literary man, is so invaluable. Instead of throwing off little pieces on the affairs of the moment which would have paid his way—what the English artists call 'pot-boilers'—he found himself continually brewing on this unfortunate debt, and pondering how to get quit of it—"

"By discharging it, I should say."

"If he took up his pen to run off a sonnet, the subject was sure to be the Tre Giuli—he wrote two hundred sonnets on it—got them printed, and sent a copy to his creditor, who was so charmed with it and with him, that he frankly forgave him the debt."

"He must have been a man of very weak understanding," said Manuel. "I foresaw all along what was coming,—your fellow-feeling for Casti foreshadowed it."

"What an example for you!"

"What a warning, you mean. Hark you, Villanos, I am not going to cancel your debt to me, which is considerable, without an equivalent."

"Large-hearted friend! Well, what is the equivalent to be?"

"You know this English *mees*?"

"Why, I introduced you to her!"

"Just so; and if you will benefit me by your good offices to such a point as that I shall make her my wife, I'll forgive you the debt."

"Well—the bargain is a hard one—" said Villanos, after a pause.

"Pardon me: I think just the reverse."

"Because you're the creditor. Well, I'll do my best, Manuel; here's my hand upon it."

"Here she comes," cried Manuel, "attended by her suite."

Miss Perowne, who was rather large, had been persuaded to mount a very little donkey that seemed to tremble under her, and had Dr. May on one side and Miss Jay on the other. The confederates approached her, hat in hand, with demonstrative obeisances, and a halt and parley ensued. Judge of their dismay when Miss Perowne casually mentioned that she was going to leave Luchon in a day or two! The baths did not suit her; the amusements were poor; the company was snobbish. With earnestness and pertinacity they pleaded the cause of Luchon: she had not half tried it yet; the most delightful excursions remained to be made; the society was always changing; some of the snobs were leaving immediately; an English milor was expected to-morrow.

Miss Perowne smiled and shook her head. She knew her own likings and dislikings.

"Where was she going?"

"Impossible to say."

And the little cavalcade passed on. The confederates looked blankly at each other.

"The game is up," said Villanos. "No fault of mine, you know."

"Then the debt remains as it was," said Manuel.

"Don't throw away your last remaining chance. Propose to her before she goes. You can lose nothing by it, and may perhaps gain."

"Easy for you to say," responded Manuel.

Next day, when Miss Perowne left Luchon, she was in fits of laughter. Dr. May was eager for an explanation.

"Moustache did propose," said she, "and seemed used to the manner. But the drollest thing happened after that. In about half an hour, Don Fernando called, and said he had a thousand apologies to make—he knew not how to look me in the face, after the indiscreet and presumptuous conduct of his friend. I begged him not to trouble himself. He then went on to say that, in fact, Moustache was no great friend of his after all—had given him bitter reason to rue having made his acquaintance—which made him the more regret having presented him to me. Reading my inquiring look, he said that Manuel's attractive manners had in the first instance fascinated him; that he had been drawn on, little by little, into playing deeply with him; till, at last, he lost a considerable sum to him, which he was unable at the moment to pay. 'Manuel is ungenerous enough to keep me in perfect thralldom on this account,' said he; 'I hardly dare call my soul my own. Nothing can be more miserable than the life he leads me—it destroys every feeling of independence, and there is nothing I would not do to be released from him.' 'Be advised by me,' said I; 'and pay him as soon as you can, and then have nothing more to do with him.' 'Ah!' said he, almost with tears in his eyes; 'if I had but a generous friend with faith enough in me to lend me the money—' and he looked imploringly at me. 'That would be only shifting your obligation from one creditor to another,' said I; 'your vacation is nearly ended: you will soon be receiving money from your pupils—let your first earnings be applied to the discharge of this debt.' You never saw a man look more blank in your life than he did when he found I knew he had pupils! He had not a word to say—there was an awkward pause, and then he bowed and I bowed; and then—'*à ne plus nous revoir*,' as the French soldiers said at Rome."

So this was the dissolution of partnership between Manuel and Villanos. Of the subsequent course of Manuel there is no need to speak here, though we believe he fell in a duel. Villanos took French leave of him a second time, and made his next appearance on the other side of the frontier.

He now felt he must buckle to work for mere subsistence. But before he did so, he found his way to his friend Poltrot.

Poltrot was by no means glad to see him. He had led even a worse career of vice than Villanos, and it was mainly owing to his bad example that Villanos had originally wandered from the path of rectitude. But the pupil at length excelled the master. Poltrot found himself outdone in unabashed hardihood, and little relished repeated applications for the means to pursue those vices which he himself had taught him.

"To be plain with you," said he, "I have heard sad accounts of the way you have been carrying on at the baths."

"Who can have told you?" said Villanos. "He is a spoil-sport, whoever he is, for I promised myself infinite amusement in telling you all about it."

And helping himself to one of Poltrot's cigars, he threw himself into a chair and began such an amusing account of his adventures, with caricature likenesses of all who had mixed in them, that Poltrot laughed in spite of himself.

"And the greatest fun remains to tell," continued Villanos. "I had walked and climbed till I was nearly done up, and was still on the French side of the frontier, when I saw a fellow dogging me whom I shrewdly suspected to be an emissary of Manuel's. To be even with him, I began to peer about too, as if hunting for some one among the rocks—now making a false start after him, now stopping short. Then feigning to catch sight of him for the first time, I rushed in boldly on my man, seized him by the collar, and cried, 'I arrest you in the name of the queen!' You never saw a fellow so frightened! Down on his knees, up with his hands in a moment. 'M'sieu! m'sieu! aie pitié sur moi!' 'How should I have pity on you, you villain, when you're plotting against your queen?' 'I, sir? I've no queen; I'm the faithful subject of the emperor.' 'Oh, what! aren't you one of those wretched insurgents who have crossed the frontier, thinking to escape us?' 'Insurgents! What insurgents? Is there a fresh rising?' 'Oh! don't pretend ignorance—you know well enough. I believe my best way will be to put a bullet through your head,' making believe to search for my revolver."

"At these words," said Villanos, laughing, "he was ready to drop down and die. 'Sir, sir, I've a wife and small family.' 'All the worse for you—prepare to die.' 'But, sir, I've done nothing.' 'Has nothing brought you up here on the mountains? Oh, oh!' 'I am sent to look after a fellow.' 'Yes, I dare say. Your moments are numbered.' 'But, sir, this is neither law nor justice—you should take me before a magistrate.' 'Who cares for law or justice up here? Queen Isabel will thank me for ridding her of a bad subject.' 'I am no bad subject.' 'Come, come, shout 'Viva Isabella,' with all your might, and then race off down the mountain while I give you five minutes' start—one may as well do a kind action now and then. If you look back over your shoulders, I'll send a bullet after you. Warn your fellow-insurgents not to come my way.' He did not require a second bidding, but set off full pelt."

Poltrot laughed again, but then said, "Even by your own account, the story is a bad one. I'm afraid this sort of thing won't do any longer, Villanos. At any rate, it won't do here. Respectable people will be afraid of you. Professors have a character that is outwardly decent, at all events, to support; and if you are found out to be—"

"What, I pray you?"

"Such a man as you have yourself described, you'll lose all your patrons and pupils."

"I'm known for the gravest lecturer that ever was. Surely one may relax a little in the privacy of friendship?"

"But when one is let too much behind the scenes, one is apt to feel friendship diminish. It is quite involuntary."

"Well, I don't know that. You seem pre-determined to take offence at me."

"Your own showing—"

"Pooh! what have I shown? A ruse for liberty and life. Some enemy has been at work."

"Common report certainly has."

"Whence did the reports originate?"

"Impossible to say. Only think how many have been visiting the baths."

"Well, I shall try to trace them," said Villanos, frowning darkly.

"Better live the reports down."

"Bah!"

Before he left Poltrot, he tried to borrow a little money of him. Poltrot unwillingly complied, but had just enough remaining faith in him to think that it might perhaps lead to a run of luck, either in gambling or honest teaching.

CHAPTER XII.—WINTER CHANGES.

VILLANOS shouldered his cloak, pulled his hat over his eyes, lit a fresh cigar, and trudged off to his lodging, looking very disreputable. An old woman admitted him, and did not seem very glad to see him. She said she had been very short of money in his absence.

"Did not Poltrot pay your board-wages?" said Villanos. "I'll call him to account for it. Here's some money for you," giving her a handful of small change. Then he began to tumble his luggage about, which he had taken the precaution to send before him. The antique Spanish dress (still unpaid for) was looked at with an eye of partiality, and carefully bestowed in an old wardrobe. Boots, shirts, etc., had been thrust in pell-moll, and were pulled out with no tender hand. From among them fell to the ground the Bible he had bought of Meurice.

"Aha," thought he, "a fool and his money are soon parted. Never mind, it will do to light my pipe."

He would have felt mischievous pleasure had he known that the news of a rising in Spain was spreading from Luchon to Barèges, to Eaux Bonnes, Eaux Chaudes, Bagnères de Bigorre, Biarritz, and thence, by means of the newspapers, all over Europe, and, it is to be supposed, all over the habitable globe; for are not our newspapers circulated everywhere? Such was the progress of a lie.

The flight of many excursionists was determined by it—the Hobsons and Fairfords among others. Mrs. Fairford had no relish for fighting or rebellion of any description. If misguided men meant to try to right their country's wrongs by illegal means, she was certain they would not succeed, and had no wish to see the game played out, and the national collar fastened tighter than before.

So there was packing in hot haste, and a sudden demand for horses, and a sudden rise in prices; for the landlords, etc., knew how to take advantage of a false alarm as well as any. The Fairfords and Hobsons arranged to travel in convoy, and reached Biarritz before they found there was no ground whatever for the alarm. After all, it had given them a rather pleasing excitement, and made them fraternise all the more; so that when they took their several routes, the intimacy was so strengthened that even Charley's aspirations were satisfied.

The last time Adeliza saw Juana, she learnt the secret of her name—Villanos. That this poor, blind woman should be the wife of the showy professor who had been the subject of so much ridicule and censure, seemed at first almost incredible; but the first attempt to obtain the connecting link excited

Juana so much, that she thought it the wisest and kindest thing to leave the matter as it was. Villanos certainly had no desire to claim his wife and child; he had quitted the place furtively, leaving debts behind him; he was unlikely, therefore, to contribute to their support. Was it not better, then, to leave Juana in ignorance of his manner of life, which could only increase her unhappiness? Adeliza thought so, and contented herself with giving Marcella a plain, good stock of clothing, some of light fabric for immediate wear, the rest of warmer materials not made up, but which she cut out and placed for her, to employ her during the long hours of winter. Many a word of simple counsel was dropped while she was doing this, that the grateful girl treasured and acted on long afterwards.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." How many a sermon has been preached on this startling text; and how often did Meurice muse on it and urge it on others at the end of harvest! His mind was wholly occupied with the message he had undertaken to deliver, yet he did not close his eyes to the changing aspects of nature. He saw God in all things, and delighted to recognise his marvellous handiwork. Often on his journeys some text would be suggested to him by what he saw.

Meurice led a hard life, yet a joyous one too. If he rescued but one in a city or two in a family, he went on his way rejoicing, and scattering the good seed right and left. "How beautiful are the works of Nature!" thought he. "How much more beautiful they appear in conjunction with the works of Providence! None of these felicity-hunters (many of whom may be caught yawning) can derive greater pleasure than I do from these waterfalls, these streamlets, these mountains, these valleys, these forests; and the thought that my Father made them all enhances the delight. Why, He who said, 'Consider the lilies,' made the lilies. By Him He made the worlds. And He saw that all was very good; it is only we who have marred it."

Simple universal truths like these were what Meurice chiefly insisted on, and pressed on men's hearts, because he fed on them in his own heart. Tourists have occasionally incurred great odium by injudicious attempts at proselytising. In like manner a zealous but inexperienced lover of flowers might do a world of mischief among rank parterres, imperfectly knowing what to train, what to lop, what to root up. But if zeal were accompanied by a knowledge of one's own heart, and by common sense, we may suppose that no one need return from a foreign soil without having left some trace of good behind—some broken reed propped up, some little footpath weeded, some little border watered. Looking back on scenery, to a certain extent it is all in haze. What stand out are the landscape figures—those whom we remember with amusement, with ridicule, with annoyance, with liking, with love, with a conviction that we shall meet in a better world. To possess these memories depends in a great degree upon ourselves. I know those who never go to a watering-place without making some child, or invalid, or aged person happy—happier than they would otherwise have been, at all events. And how open a field there is for example, for counsel, and for sympathy, among the waiters, drivers, and domestics!

The land was now keeping its Sabbaths. The last

tune had been played, the last lottery had been drawn, the last firework let off. The baths were shut up, so were the hotels, the lodging-houses, the shops; and the stalls and showy wares had been trundled bodily away for the season. Juana and Marcella took possession of their quarters at Barèges. A carrier gave them a lift the greater part of the way, through a somewhat dreary valley already beginning to be flooded, and looking desolate and ruinous from previous and heavier floods.

"What a good thing she cannot see it!" thought the loving little daughter. But Juana could remember very well; and as she sat in silent absorption, she was recalling with the vividness of a picture the barren mountains closing in all round, and the one long, narrow street of wretched houses, with a gap here and there, where some avalanche had swept away a dwelling. Here was a bath, with its sixteen damp little cells, and a military hospital for gunshot wounds, but the sick men had been removed to warmer quarters. None remained to face the stormy blasts of winter but a few old men and women.

Marcella felt chilled to the heart, and drew yet closer to her mother. Juana put her arm round her, and said, "You are cold, my child."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Marcella, cheered by this kind word, and presently began singing.

"When I first came to Barèges," said Juana, "I was about your age, Marcella."

"What a long while ago!" said Marcella.

"Not so very long," said Juana, smiling a little. "I am but thirty-two."

When they reached the deserted hotel, a rough-looking man left them in charge of it and went away. "There's some food and firing," he said.

"Go over the place, Marcella," said her mother, "and see what is left us."

Marcella liked exploring very well, but did not bring a very brilliant account.

"There's a good deal of wood in the wood-house," said she, "but it wants chopping up, and is across a wide yard. The heavy gate hangs on one hinge. There is some straw too, and some hay—some onions, some apples, a sack of dried peas, another of beans, some meal, and a great piece of bacon. Will that suffice us, mother?"

"We must make it suffice us as long as we can," said Juana; "there are no shops here. You know we have brought a few things with us. You must be very, very careful and not waste a crumb."

"An old man is coming in with some packages," said Marcella.

They were from Mr. Hobson, who had desired them to be forwarded before he left the country—cheese, coffee, rice, etc., a very acceptable present, which, to Marcella's inexperience, seemed enough for all the winter.

Running through the empty rooms, contemplating the heaped-up furniture, opening some of the shutters, making up the fire, and bringing in fuel for the evening, kept Marcella employed and cheerful till they were shut in for the night. Then, with a blazing log on the hearth, and her mother seated before it in a great black, high-backed chair, she read the Bible to her by fire-light, and they both felt snug and even happy.

"What a noise the dogs are making!" said Marcella, at length.

"Wolves," said Juana, quietly.

THE NEW LIFE ASSURANCE ACT.

IN a former paper on Life Assurance,* we referred at some length to the past history of assurance, and pointed out the perils to which assurers were liable, and to which thousands had been made victims under the then existing laws. In so doing we did but re-echo the public sentiment on the subject, while we looked forward to the interference of the legislature to correct the flagrant abuses so long complained of. The legislature has now done its part. In August last an Act was passed "to amend the Laws relating to Life Assurance Companies;" and the new Act came at once into operation. We shall note as briefly as possible what are its provisions.

The first decrees that every new assurance company shall deposit £20,000 with the Court of Chancery before receiving a certificate of incorporation, and that such deposit be not returned until the accumulated premiums amount to £40,000. It is also required that a company transacting other business than that of life assurance must keep its assurance accounts distinct from all others, and its life assurance funds shall be as absolutely the security of the life policy and annuity holders as though such funds belonged to a company carrying on no other business than that of life assurance. Other clauses decree that all companies shall prepare statements of revenue accounts yearly; that at stated times they shall cause an investigation to be made into their financial condition by an actuary, an abstract of whose report shall be made and printed; and that after such investigations, which must be not less frequent than once in five years in the case of new companies, and once in ten years in the case of old ones, statements must be prepared of the assurance and annuity business up to the date of the last investigation. If investigations be made annually, as is the case with many established companies, the statements must be made at least once in every three years. All the statements insisted on have to be made in forms prescribed in the schedules to the Act—such schedules being at once sufficiently stringent as regards the companies, and intelligible to policy-holders.

Another clause empowers the Board of Trade to alter the forms contained in the schedules to meet the circumstances of particular companies. It is further enacted that all statements be signed by the chairman and directors of the company; that they shall be printed and deposited with the Board of Trade; and that copies of such statements, together with a copy of the abstract of the actuary's report above mentioned, shall be forwarded by the company, on application, to every shareholder and assurer. It is provided that companies shall keep a "Shareholders' Address Book," and that their shareholders and policy-holders shall receive copies of the same on application and on payment of a certain sum. Companies not registered under the Companies Act, 1862, are compelled to print copies of their deed of settlement, and to supply them at a stated cost to shareholders and assurers.

The amalgamation or transfer of companies is also provided for. To effect either amalgamation or transfer the directors of such companies must petition the Court of Chancery to sanction the step, and the Court may do so if opponents cannot establish a sufficient objection. But the Court will not sanction

* "The Leisure Hour," No. 944.

any amalgamation or transfer in any case in which assurers representing *one-tenth* or more of the total amount insured dissent from such amalgamation or transfer; and no company can amalgamate with another or transfer its business without the sanction of the Court. When an amalgamation or transfer takes place, the combined or the purchasing company must deposit with the Board of Trade certified copies of statements of the assets and liabilities of the companies concerned, together with other necessary documents, and a declaration under the hand of the chairman and managing officer of each company to the effect that all payments made, or to be made, on account of the said amalgamation or transfer are therein fully set forth, and that no further payments of any kind are to be made. The Board of Trade is authorised to direct any documents, or copies of them, required by the Act, to be kept by the registrar of joint-stock companies, who will allow any person to inspect the same on payment of certain fees; and all such deposited documents are declared receivable in evidence.

Certain penalties will be enforced for non-compliance with the requirements of the Act, and for falsifying statements. The Court may order the winding-up of any company, on the application of one or more share or policy holders who shall show to the satisfaction of the Court that the company is insolvent. But the Court will not give a hearing to a petition for winding-up until security for costs to such amount as the judge shall think reasonable shall be given, nor until a *prima facie* case shall be established to the judge's satisfaction. In the case of a

company having uncalled capital sufficient to meet their liabilities, reasonable time will be allowed for calling up such capital. In the case of a company proved to be insolvent, the Court may, if it think fit, reduce the amount of the company's contracts upon such terms and subject to such conditions as the Court thinks fit, in place of making a winding-up order.

As a further security, the Board of Trade will lay annually before Parliament the statements and abstracts of reports deposited with them under this Act during the preceding year.

Such is a brief summary of the new Act, to which, however, are appended six schedules of forms according to which the several accounts and statements are to be periodically prepared. These forms have been carefully considered, and as the use of them will be imperative upon assurance companies for the future, it would appear that all practicable precaution has been taken to insure correct returns year after year from the different establishments, and thus to enable policy-holders to see how they stand, and to look after their own interests. Candidly, we do not see that Government could have done much more in a matter in which it has been thought that it was not called upon to meddle, and in which it is not primarily concerned. It remains to be seen how the new measure will work; but for the experience we have had we might feel more sanguine than we do. Meanwhile, we will hope that the "clever ones" who pull the strings behind the curtain may not succeed in driving their stage-coach through this "Life Assurance Companies Act."

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY THE REV. F. ARNOLD.

VIII.

THAT Lady Margaret, of whom we have spoken in connection with the foundation of St. John's College, is in every way the presiding genius of Christ's College. Her great son, the seventh Henry, claimed and won the throne of England in his mother's right, but every learned and grateful son of her two foundations at Cambridge reverences with an almost personal devotion the memory of his gracious foundress. The men of Christ's are certainly not unmindful of her, nor ungrateful. Her sweet, sad, serious countenance looks down upon them in the hall; it graces the combination room; it is found in the college chapel. On the carved elaborate stonework of the gateway, which closely resembles the gateway of St. John's, are the Lady Margaret's arms and supporters—crowned roses and portcullises, and numerous groups of daisies, or "Margarettes," as they are called in the inventories of the foundress. When Henry the Sixth founded his great college of King's, he took the ground occupied by a small hostel called God's House, and removed it to the present site of Christ's College, intending to make the most ample amends by increasing its revenues and the number of its scholars. His design was not carried out, but his kinswoman, the Lady Margaret, brought it to a prosperous completion. There is just one anecdote belonging to the Lady Margaret which shall be related in Fuller's quaint words; how "once the Lady Margaret came to Christ's College, to behold it when partly built, and looking out of a window, saw the deane call a faulty scholar to correction; to whom

she said, '*Lente, lente,*' gently, gently, as accounting it better to mitigate his punishment than procure his pardon."

According to the fashion of the eighteenth century, the whole of the west front was encased with stone, the noble gateway being alone spared. With the same monstrous stone facings all the picturesque features of the first quadrangle are entirely obliterated. Chapel and hall are neat enough, but retain few distinctive features. The chapel has a marble floor, and a fine monument to two friends, united in their love, in their ashes, in their benefactions to the college—Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines. The following is a quaint passage, describing the history of the college towards the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth:—"Their discipline had become very lax, they no longer talked Latin in the college, they went commonly without their academic dress, and their time was chiefly occupied with disputes with one another. The visitation was prolonged during many months, and raised more violent heart-burnings than had been caused by the evils which it was intended to cure, so that at last the matter was set at rest by a simple agreement of the parties concerned to forget their quarrels, and live in future lovingly together."

There is a new building, generally called the Fellows' Buildings, the work of Inigo Jones, and much in his usual style. It is called the Second Court, but in reality it is a bright, open, airy space, of a park-like character, with a single handsome

palladian row of buildings. In the centre of this building there is an archway, barred by a gate; a large bell-handle hangs down, which we pull lustily, and while we wait we observe the old lilies and lions of the Lady Margaret over the grating. The old gardener, or his assistant, comes, and we are soon in the loveliest garden of the whole university. It is a fair precinct where the Fellows may leisurely stray and enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*, but they also generously throw it open to undergraduates and strangers, and there are many such who come hither on a loving pilgrimage. Through the foliage you obtain a splendid view of King's College Chapel and other buildings. You admire the shadowing elms and the hoary walnut-trees. You notice the embowered summer-house, and the alcove behind it, and the bowling-green which college Fellows always love so well. Especially you observe a large pond or tank, wide and deep, fed by an ever-running spring of pure water, well shadowed, surrounded with the busts and memorial urns of the great men of the college. Many Christ's men make it their boast that on summer dawns they bathe regularly in this spring-fed pond. But there is something still more interesting in this garden, something almost sacred, which has always drawn pilgrims hither from afar. You pass through a winding path amid shrubs, and emerge on the open grass. Then you see something curious. There is a mound of earth some four feet high, covered with turf, and hereby is an ancient mulberry-tree supported, carefully propped up on all sides. All the damaged parts are sealed up with canvas and sheet lead. This is none other than the famous mulberry-tree planted by our great poet Milton when he was a student at Christ's. For two hundred and thirty years it has been watched by the men of Christ's with the greatest care. When props were not enough, they banked up the turf around the stem. If a bough breaks and falls, it is divided with even justice among the Fellows. It is still vigorous, and produces excellent fruit, and an offshoot has been prosperously planted close by, that Milton's mulberry-tree may never fail. It is the greatest treasure that Christ's College possesses.

Everything connected with Milton's residence at Cambridge is full of the deepest interest. Mr. Masson has treated the whole subject exhaustively, devoting his fourth chapter of two hundred pages to the subject. Milton resided there altogether, off and on, for seven years. Forty-three men were admitted at the same time with him; Christ's appears to have been larger then in numbers than it is now. The following is the entry of his admission, from the Latin: "John Milton, native of London, son of John Milton, was initiated in the elements of letters under Mr. Gill, master of St. Paul's School; was admitted a lesser pensioner [which means the ordinary pensioner], Feb. 12, 1624, under Mr. Chappell, and paid entrance fee, 10s." He was then just sixteen years and two months old. At that time mere boys entered the university, just as they do now at the Scottish universities. Tradition still points out the rooms which he used to occupy. At least Wordsworth tells us, in his "Prelude," that the first and only time in his life when he drank too much was at a wine party at Milton's rooms at Christ's to which he was invited when an undergraduate in St. John's. They are in the older part of the building, on the left side of the court as you enter the gate, the first-floor rooms on the first stair on that side. At pre-

sent the rooms consist of a small study, with two windows looking into the court, and a very small bedroom adjoining. In those days, however, a member of a college did not have his chamber to himself. The original statutes of Christ's College say, "in which chambers our wish is that the Fellows sleep two and two, but the scholars four and four; and that no one have alone a single chamber for his proper use, unless perchance it be some Doctor, to whom, on account of the dignity of his degree, we grant the possession of a separate chamber."

There is a well-known romantic story that a young foreign lady, who passing in a carriage with an elder companion a spot near Cambridge where Milton was asleep under a tree, wrote some lines and placed them in the sleeper's hands. It is said that Milton was called the Lady of the College, on account of his personal beauty. The story does not stay here, but relates that Milton, when he awoke, fell in love with the incognito, and went out to Italy in search of her, and thought of her to the end of his days as his Lost Paradise. This pretty legend, however, is told of other poets, and appears to have no basis even in the Latin poem which Mr. Masson quotes. There is another legend to the effect that Milton was flogged at Cambridge. This is told by Dr. Johnson, in well-known words: "There is reason to believe that Milton was regarded in his college with no great fondness. That he obtained no fellowship is certain, but the unkindness with which he was treated was not merely negative. I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction." Johnson's statement, despite his dislike of Milton's politics, was made in good faith, but there does not appear to be any sufficient authority for it. There seems to be some reason for supposing that in the earlier part of his college career Milton had some differences with the authorities, but they probably learned to admire and respect him beyond any man of his time at Christ's.

There exist more ample materials for constructing the life of Milton during his residence at Cambridge than is ordinarily the case with any one. We have scattered notices respecting him, and that large autobiographical element that pervades his controversial writings, and various college exercises, with other youthful compositions. Aubrey tells us of his great personal beauty, the fair complexion, the auburn hair, the oval face, the dark-grey eyes. In stature he was rather below the middle height. His classical compositions are of the highest order of merit, and he probably only lost his fellowship through a royal mandate being obtained by some favourite who could gain that commanding influence. Among his Cambridge compositions was that famous ode on "The Morning of Christ's Nativity," which Mr. Hallam considers to be perhaps the most beautiful in the language. We have elsewhere spoken of his familiar lines on old Hobson. Many important events happened during Milton's stay at Christ's which would not fail to influence his mental life. Lord Bacon died, the greatest event in the literary history; the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated, the greatest event in the political history. Edmund Waller, the poet, was at King's, and afterwards there came into residence that poet-divine, Jeremy Taylor, who yields in sanctified imagination to Milton, and to Milton alone. For a time, too, there was in residence that wonderful undergraduate, Oliver

Cromwell, destined so materially to affect the fortunes of his country, and with whom Milton, as Latin secretary, was afterwards so closely identified. Milton's is the greatest name at Christ's; the greatest name at Cambridge.

But Christ's has other great names. As old Fuller quaintly says: "It may without flattery be said of this house, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all,' if we consider the many divines who in so short a time have here had their education." When Milton came up the illustrious Meade was one of the Fellows, passing his blameless life in his "cell," as he called it, and walking about in the "backs" of the colleges or in the fields near Cambridge. Men would come to his chambers every evening, and to them he would put the question, "*Quid dubitas?* What doubts have you met in your studies to-day?" For he supposed that to doubt nothing and to understand nothing were veritably alike. Their doubts being propounded, he resolved their *quæres*, and so set them upon clear ground to proceed more distinctly; and then having by prayer commended them and their studies to God's protection and blessing, he dismissed them to their lodgings. Meade's work on the Apocalypse is a valuable book, and is still greatly studied. There came up to Christ's during Milton's residence that deep thinker, Henry More. At the same time Ralph Cudworth was at Emmanuel, and afterwards came here. And here we have, with one other name, the famous school of the English Platonists. No less than four of the translators of King James's Bible were Christ's men, besides various eminent Nonconformist divines. Bishop Latimer, the martyr, the two Laws, bishops of Carlisle and Elphin, Porteous of London, Archdeacon Paley, with statesmen, judges, and men of science, belong to Christ's. We may add to the list Dr. Gell, the bishop of Madras. Many of them are also distinguished as benefactors of the college.

A very interesting work was published a short time ago, entitled "The Autobiography of George Pryme." Mr. Pryme was a Fellow of Trinity College, for ten years member of Parliament for the borough of Cambridge, and for very many years the Professor of Political Economy in the university, the office now held by Mr. Fawcett, the blind member for Brighton. It contains many interesting touches about Cambridge in past and in almost contemporaneous days. "The first day I dined in hall as an undergraduate was a feast-day, the anniversary of the succession of George the Third. In my uncle's time the dinner-hour was at noon, but now it was a quarter-past two in term time." In Simon D'Ewe's time, who has left a most interesting account of Cambridge in the seventeenth century, and whose MSS. are so constantly studied, the dinner-hour was at twelve, and the bell rang for morning chapel at five. According to the fashion of the age, there was a great deal too much drinking at that time at Cambridge, but Mr. Pryme and his friends Monk and Pepys, afterwards bishops of Worcester and Gloucester, steadfastly set their faces against it. They agreed to press no one to drink, and to separate at chapel-time. He gives a curious anecdote of the Cambridge accuracy in mathematical expressions. Sir Astley Cooper asked Mr. Vince, a senior wrangler and a Cambridge professor, to call upon him, giving his address in —

Square. Meeting him some time after, Sir Astley inquired of the professor why he had not been to see him. "I did come," said Vince, "but there was some mistake; you told me that you lived in a square, and I found myself in a parallelogram, and so I went away." We are told that Adam Sedgwick and the late Mr. Gorham were both candidates for the Professorship of Geology. Mr. Sedgwick said, candidly enough, that he knew nothing about it, but that he would learn. Mr. Gorham was known to have given great attention to the subject. Mr. Sedgwick became one of the most illustrious professors. Mr. Gorham took a living in Devonshire, and became famous for his controversy with the late Bishop Philpotts. Mr. Pryme mentions the curious custom that when a new Master of Trinity is chosen, the gates are closed at the time when he arrives to take possession. There is a legend that Bently was so unpopular that the gates were shut against him, and he had to climb over the wall. "I saw a little of Lord Byron," says Mr. Pryme. "I used to sit nearly opposite to him at the Fellows' table. We entered into conversation about Nottinghamshire and other subjects. He was unaffected and agreeable, but we Fellows did not think him possessed of any great talent."

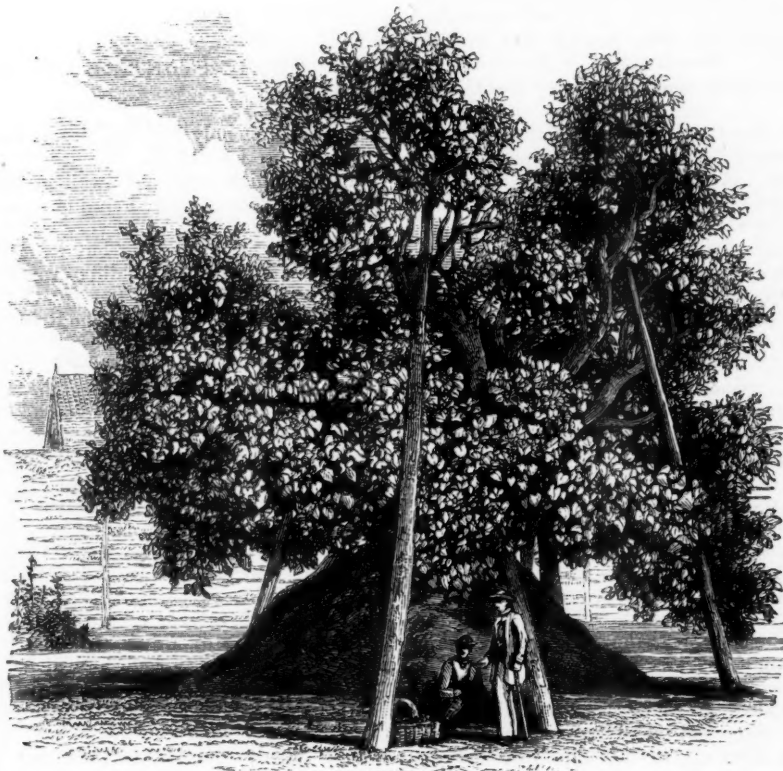
Mr. Pryme gives a curious account of the origin of the Cambridge Union. There were formerly two clubs at Cambridge, one of which was the "Speculative," in imitation of the well-known debating society at Edinburgh. The present "Union," a title which has often proved very puzzling, was formed by the junction of the two rival societies. It first met in a small room at the back of the Red Lion Inn. In 1817, the Vice-Chancellor, with the two proctors, came to the "Union," and dissolved it, on the ground that it was political. This was something like Oliver Cromwell coming to the House of Commons. In 1820, Dr. Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity, revived the Union, on condition that there should be no discussion of political subjects. It is hardly necessary to say that at the present time the utmost freedom is permitted in the discussion of politics or any other subject of contemporary interest.

Among statesmen Mr. Pryme recollected Mr. Pitt very well, and presented him with a copy of his prize ode. "His stately form and cocked hat attracted the attention of every one. He is admirably represented by the statue in the Senate House, from the pedestal of which I can almost fancy him walking forth." Pitt was a great favourite with the Cambridge men; they subscribed seven thousand pounds towards erecting a statue to him. Pitt was only in his twenty-fourth year when he became Premier. He used to come down to Cambridge with a deanery or some preferment in his pockets. Paley once said, "If I were to preach before him I think I should select for my text 'There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?'" It is often incorrectly said that Paley actually preached on this subject.

The following is one of Mr. Pryme's latest associations with Cambridge: "I was presented to Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who was now a student in our university, at a party this winter at Trinity Lodge. I ventured to tell him that I had been at his great grandfather's court, and I was probably the only person in the college who could have said so. I thought him a most pleasing, unaffected young man, and very like the old king in countenance."

To this is appended a very interesting note by Sir Frederick Pollock, the late Lord Chief Baron, which is equally creditable to the Prince and to Professor Pryme: "When I was at Cambridge at Trinity Lodge, as Judge of Assize with Vaughan Williams, in March, 1861, I had the honour, according to custom, to entertain the noblemen of Trinity and the heads of houses. The Prince of Wales sat at

"It was about this time [1816] that the Johnians, wishing to lessen the expenses of men of fortune, made an order that their Fellow-commoners should appear in hall a certain number of times every week. This restriction was so obnoxious to them that they made a point of entering the hall at the latest moment allowed, and seating themselves at the bottom of the table, indulged in whispering; and



MILTON'S MULBERRY-TREE.

my right hand, and made inquiries about Professor Pryme, whose countenance, he said, had much impressed him, as indicating by its expression the high qualities of mind, and the right use of them, which ought to belong to a professor; adding, 'he has to my mind the true university-professor look.'

Another very well-known work is one, also of an autobiographical character, by the late Henry Gunning, Senior Esquire Bedel, entitled "Reminiscences of the University, Town, and County of Cambridge." This work is minutely and curiously descriptive of contemporary manners, and well fulfils the promises of its title. Here is an amusing passage. He is mentioning a very gentlemanly man of the name of Bankes. "He always carried cards in his pocket with his name and college written on them, which was considered *over-refinement* by the generality of students, who, when they made a call, knocked a piece of mortar out of the wall with the key of their room, and with this scrawled their names on the doors of their friends. Some were refined enough to carry a piece of chalk in their pockets." Of the Fellow-commoners we read in "Gunning's Reminiscences:"

as they also frequently laughed very heartily, the Fellows thought they were ridiculing them. At length this restraint became so disagreeable that, by way of avoiding it, many of them were in the habit of affecting to be ill, and managed to obtain an *egrotat*, which left them at liberty to dine where they pleased, provided they came to college before the gates closed in the evening." Then follows a story of one of these *sick men*, who drove away from college in a post-chaise for a day's shooting at Ickleton. The man's father told his tutor, "that although his son kept neither servant nor horse, and resided no longer than he was compelled, his first year's expenses exceeded £1,000." We are not surprised to find Mr. Gunning telling terrible stories from his long experience of the utter disgrace and destitution into which many well-known spendthrifts of the university have fallen. Any one who has narrowly watched university life will be able to parallel such stories from his own experience. He relates how a college friend told him "that when he was at dinner one day, he was called out by the urgent entreaties of a poor man lying in a pass cart, apparently in a dying

state; this man was Taylor, whom he had known as the gayest of the gay, and constantly associating with noblemen and men of rank in the university." We are glad to know that now there is a very great improvement in Cambridge manners. There is not the same lavish expenditure, but the Cambridge tradesmen find their business much safer. How noble is that language of Milton, which might well be commended to the minds of Cambridge men: "I take God to witness that in all those places, where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God."

We will now cross the river by the "mathematical bridge" of Queen's College, and continue our walk along the "backs" of colleges to Magdalen College, the only college on the north side of the stream. You are pleased to observe that the college name is pronounced "Maudlin;" that the head of the college is always nominated by the Lord Neville of Audley End; and that its undergraduate members are ordinarily supposed to possess more coin than brains, and to aim at social rather than academic distinction. The college has produced in its time a very fair share of scholars and divines. Mr. Everett says, we hope with some exaggeration: "It is famous for a luxurious table and very lax discipline. So that it is a favourite home for young men who are of the opinion, either from conjecture or experience, that other colleges are too strict for them." The buildings are neither large nor remarkable, the chapel being chiefly worthy of notice. The high-pitched timber roof, of the fifteenth century, has been restored, together with some canopied niches, and the effect is very good. Magdalen boasts also no less than three libraries, namely, the original college library, the Peckard collection, and the Pepysian.

The Pepysian library is universally and justly famous. It contains the manuscripts and the collection made by the celebrated Samuel Pepys, the Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles the Second and James, and the author of the "Diary." It is a perfect treasury of information for the later Stuart period. Lord Macaulay searched it diligently for the purposes of his history, and though it is carefully guarded, free access is given to literary persons desirous of consulting it. The original Diary is comprised in six volumes, containing upwards of three thousand pages closely written in short-hand. A small octavo volume contains the original narrative of the escape of Charles II after the battle of Worcester, which Pepys took down in short-hand from the king's own words. The mysterious secret of its cipher, which baffled discovery for generations, was unveiled at last by Mr. Smike, of St. John's College. A copy in plain English is preserved in the library. The ordinary editions of Pepys were very much mutilated, being necessarily expurgated, for, to say the truth, there was much in the character of the times, and the character of the writer, which would hardly bear reproduction. Pepys's library is also especially rich in the old black-letter literature. It abounds with Caxtons and Wynkyn de Worde which would be the joy of the bibliopoles, and has an unequalled collection of old broadside ballads complete in eight volumes. This collection extends from the earliest period of our literary history to the year 1700, begun, as Pepys tells us, by "the learned Mr. Alder, who

specially delighted in such things." Pepys continued making this collection up to the time of his death. There is also a unique collection of rare and curious prints which he brought together. It is remarkable that when his books were brought into their assigned chamber, in the second court of Magdalen College, it was found that the shelves exactly fitted, and so they were retained in the same cases that held them in Pepys's own house.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

VII.

A most melancholy case of circumstantial evidence happened in London in the year 1815, the particulars of which must yet dwell in the memories of many still living. Eliza Fenning was a servant girl, very young, and said to be very beautiful, living in Chancery Lane. She was but twenty-one years of age, the dutiful and only child of respectable parents, then alive. She was tried at the Old Bailey, in the month of April, 1815, before the Recorder of London, for the crime of administering poison to her master and mistress, and her master's father—a capital felony under Lord Ellenborough's Act. The only evidence to affect the prisoner was entirely circumstantial. The poison was contained in dumplings made by her, but it was proved by the surgeon, who gave evidence at the trial, that she had eaten of them herself, and had been quite as ill as any of the persons whom she was supposed to have intended to poison. Further, her eating of them could not be ascribed to art, or to any attempt to conceal her crime, for she had made no effort whatever to remove the strongest evidence of guilt, if guilt there was. She had left the dish unwashed; and the proof that arsenic was mixed in it was furnished by its being found in the kitchen on the following day, exactly in the state in which it had been brought from the table.

It is hardly conceivable that, such being the circumstances, a conviction could have been possible. "But," says Sir Samuel Romilly, from whose manuscript this account is condensed, "the Recorder appeared to have conceived a strong prejudice against the prisoner; in summing up the evidence he made some very unjust and unfounded observations to her disadvantage, and she was convicted." Petitions signed, not by hundreds, but by thousands, besought the throne for mercy. The master of the girl was requested to add his name to the petitioners on her behalf, but the Recorder dissuaded him, and at his instance he refused. All intercession was fruitless, and Eliza Fenning was ordered for execution. She mildly, but earnestly, asserted her innocence to the last, and prayed to God some day to make it manifest. When the religious ceremonies were over, the sad procession moved towards the scaffold. As the last door was opening which still concealed her from the public gaze, Mr. Cotton, the ordinary, made a final effort: "Eliza, have you nothing more to say to me?" It was an awful moment, but her last words in this world were, "Before the just and Almighty God, and by the faith of the Holy Sacrament I have received, I am innocent of the offence of which I am charged." The door then opened and she stood, robed in white, before the people. Two old offenders were executed with her, "and," says a

bystander, "as all three stood under the beam, beneath the sun, she looked serene as an angel." The stormy multitude was hushed at once, and while all eyes wept, and every tongue prayed for her, she passed into eternity.

When the curtain had fallen upon this tragedy, the fury of the people knew no bounds, and the house of the prosecutor was protected only by the presence of a considerable force. The temper of the times was such that nothing could prevent a popular demonstration at the funeral, and a mournful and striking one it must have been. The broken-hearted parents led the way, followed by six young females clad in white, and then by eight chief mourners. At least ten thousand persons accompanied the hearse, and thus, every window filled, and every housetop crowded, they reached the cemetery of St. George the Martyr, where the remains of the innocent girl were interred.

Sir Samuel Romilly further states, that after Eliza Fenning's conviction, and while the error was repairable, "an offer was made to prove that there was in the house of Eliza's master, when the poisoning took place, a person who had laboured, a short time before, under mental derangement, and who in that state had declared his fears that he should destroy himself and his family." This statement was made to the Recorder himself, and evidence of its truth was offered, but that functionary affirmed that the production of any evidence of the kind would be wholly useless. That the crime was committed by a maniac there can be but small doubt. The testimony of Mr. Gibson, who was then connected with the firm of Corbyn and Co., Holborn, is all but conclusive on the point. This gentleman stated that "about September or October in the preceding year, a Mr. — (the name, for obvious reasons, was not made public) called on me in Holborn. He seemed in such a wild and deranged state that I took him into a back room, where he used the most violent and incoherent expressions—'My dear Gibson, do, for Heaven's sake, get me secured or confined, for if I am left at liberty I shall do some mischief; I shall destroy myself and my wife. I must and shall do it unless all means of destruction are removed out of my way; therefore do, my good friend, have me put under some restraint. *Something from above* tells me I must do it, and, unless I am prevented, I shall certainly do it.'" Mr. Gibson felt it his duty to communicate this to the poor maniac's family, but they were heedless of the warning, and he was left at liberty.

We have stated in a previous paper the opinion of a celebrated judge to the effect that fatal mistakes in judgment occur even more frequently where the evidence is direct than where it is circumstantial. In the majority of cases where direct evidence leads to a false conviction it is because the witnesses are corrupt, and, urged by some evil motive, swear falsely. The case we are about to cite shows us, however, that a false conviction may ensue from direct evidence, without any evil design on the part of witnesses. About the middle of last century Richard Coleman was indicted at the Kingston assizes, in Surrey, for the murder of Sarah Green. Coleman was a man of some education, was married and had several children, and was clerk to a brewer when the affair happened which cost him his life. One Sarah Green, a woman of a humble class, was

attacked by three men, who maltreated her so cruelly that she afterwards died. These men had the appearance of brewers' servants, and while she was under treatment in the hospital she declared that a clerk in Berry's brewhouse was one of them, though it was not clear to whom she alluded. Two days after the transaction Coleman went into an alehouse for refreshment, where he met with one Daniel Trotman, whom he knew. Having called for some spirits and water, Coleman was stirring it with a spoon, when a stranger who was present asked him what he had done with the pig—alluding to a pig which had been lately stolen in the neighbourhood. Coleman, conceiving himself affronted by such an impertinent question, retorted in an angry manner. The retort led to a violent quarrel, in the course of which the stranger insinuated that Coleman had been concerned in the murder of Sarah Green. Coleman answered the insinuation only by further aggravating his opponent. There was no breach of the peace, and the parties separated at length with mutual ill-temper and personal abuse.

A day or two after this quarrel, Daniel Trotman and another man went before a magistrate in the Borough, and charged Coleman with the crime. The magistrate, not supposing that Coleman was guilty, sent a man with him to the hospital where the wounded woman lay, and a person pointing out Coleman, asked her if he was one of the persons who had assailed her. She said she believed he was, but as she declined to swear positively to his having any concern in the affair, the magistrate, Justice Clarke, admitted him to bail. A short time afterwards Coleman was again taken before the magistrate, when nothing positive being sworn against him, the justice would have absolutely discharged him; but Mr. Wynne, the master of the injured girl, requesting he might be once more taken to see her, a time was fixed for that purpose, and the justice took Coleman's word for his appearance. He came punctually to his time, bringing with him the landlord of an alehouse where Sarah Green had been drinking on the night of the crime with the three men who were really guilty; and this publican, and other people, declared on oath that Coleman was not one of the party. On the following day Justice Clarke went to the hospital to take the examination of the woman on oath. Having asked her if Coleman was one of the men who had attacked her, she said she could not tell, as it was dark at the time, but Coleman being called in, an oath was administered to her, when she swore that he was one of the three assailants. Spite of her oath, the justice, who thought the poor girl not in her right senses, and was convinced in his own mind of the innocence of Coleman, permitted him to depart, on his promise of bringing bail the following day, to answer the complaint at the next assizes for Surrey; and he brought his bail and gave security accordingly.

Sarah Green dying in the hospital, the coroner's jury sat to inquire the cause of her death; and having found a verdict of wilful murder against Richard Coleman and two persons then unknown, a warrant was issued to take Coleman into custody. Though conscious of his innocence, yet such was the agitation of his mind at the idea of being sent to prison on such a charge, that Coleman absconded, and secreted himself at Pinner, near Harrow-on-the-Hill. The King being then at Hanover, a proclamation was issued by the Lords of the Regency, offering a reward of fifty

pounds for the apprehension of the supposed offender; and to this the parish of Saint Saviour, Southwark, added a further sum of twenty pounds. Coleman read in the "Gazette" the advertisement for his apprehension, but was still so thoughtless as to conceal himself, though perhaps an immediate and voluntary surrender would have been his wisest course. However, to assert his innocence, he caused the following advertisement to be printed in the newspaper: "I, Richard Coleman, seeing myself advertised in the 'Gazette' as absconding on account of the murder of Sarah Green, knowing myself not any way culpable, do assert that I have not absconded from justice, but will willingly and readily appear at the next assizes, knowing that my innocence will acquit me." The authorities, not choosing to wait for his promised appearance, however, made strict search after him, and he was apprehended at Pinner on the 22nd of November, and lodged in Southwark Gaol till the time of the assizes at Kingston, Surrey. At the trial several persons swore positively that Coleman was at another place at the time the crime was committed; but their evidence was not believed, and he was convicted principally upon the evidence of Daniel Trotman and the declaration of the dying woman. After conviction Coleman behaved like a man possessed of conscious innocence, and betrayed no fear in dying for a crime which he had not committed. At the place of execution he delivered to the chaplain who had attended him a paper, in which he declared, in the most solemn and explicit manner, that he was altogether innocent of the crime alleged against him. He was executed at Kennington Common, on the 12th of April, 1749—and died with perfect resignation, lamenting only the distress in which he should leave a wife and two children.

About two years after Coleman's death it was discovered that three working brewers named James Welch, Thomas Jones, and John Nichols, were the persons who had actually occasioned the death of Sarah Green. These wretches had been intimately acquainted from their childhood, and had kept the murder a secret, till it was discovered in the following manner. Welch, and a young fellow named James Bush, were walking together in the neighbourhood of Newington, when their conversation happened to turn on the subject of persons who had been executed for offences of which they had not been guilty—"Among whom," said Welch, as if by a sudden impulse, "was Richard Coleman. Nichols, Jones, and I, were the persons who committed the murder for which he was hanged." Welch then went on to relate the circumstances of the crime—his companion listening to the disclosure with feelings that may be imagined. Bush scarcely credited the story thus abruptly communicated, and for a time said nothing about it to any one; at length, however, he told his father what he had heard, and his father meeting shortly afterwards with Thomas Jones, and willing to test the truth of so strange a tale, abruptly charged him with being one of the murderers of Sarah Green. Jones trembled and turned pale at the charge, but soon assuming a degree of courage, said, "What does it signify? The man is hanged, and the woman is dead, and nobody can hurt us." In consequence of this acknowledgment, Nichols, Jones, and Welch were apprehended, when all of them steadily denied their guilt. Nichols, however, subsequently turned against his companions, and was admitted evidence for the crown.

The prisoners being brought to trial at the next

Surrey assizes, were both of them convicted on the testimony of Nichols, and sentence of death was passed upon them. After conviction they behaved with the utmost contrition, and made a full confession of their crime. They likewise signed a declaration, which they begged might be published, containing the fullest assertions of Coleman's innocence.

Another case, in which an innocent man was convicted on the evidence of a dying person, was that of William Shaw, of Leith. Shaw was an artisan, and lived in that town respectably for his station in life, his family consisting but of an only daughter who resided with him; she had formed an unfortunate attachment to a young man whom the father knew to be of bad character, and therefore sternly discountenanced his addresses. This gave rise to continual dissension, until, at length, it one day rose to such a height, that James Morrison, the tenant of an adjoining room, could not avoid overhearing the conversation. The voices of father and daughter were recognised, and the words, "cruelty," "barbarity," and "death," were over and over again angrily enunciated. The father at last left the room abruptly, locking the door behind him, and leaving the daughter a prisoner. After some little time, deep noises were heard from within, which gradually becoming fainter, the alarmed neighbours procured the assistance of a bailiff, and burst open the door. Ghastly, indeed, was the spectacle which presented itself. There lay the young woman on the floor, weltering in her blood—a knife, the instrument of her death, beside her. To the question whether her father had been the cause of her sad condition, she was just able to make a faint affirmative gesture, and expired. At this moment the father reappeared. His horror may be imagined: every eye was fixed on him, and some specks of blood upon his shirt-sleeves seemed to confirm strongly the dreadful accusation which his daughter's dying gesture had too clearly intimated. Vainly attempting to account for the stained sleeve by the rupture of some swathe with which he had bound his wrist, he was hurried before a magistrate, and, upon the depositions of all the parties, committed to prison upon suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when, in his defence, he acknowledged his having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson, the young man to whom he objected; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed; but he averred that he left his daughter unharmed and untouched, and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions of "barbarity, cruelty, death," together with that apparently affirmative motion of her head, and of the blood so, as it seemed, providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these severally concurring circumstances was William Shaw found guilty and executed.

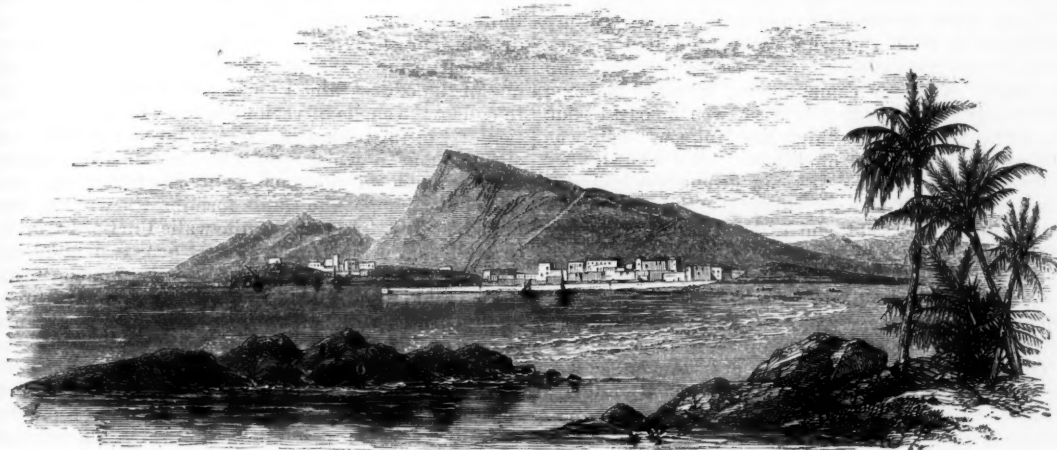
After this unfortunate man had swung for weeks upon his gibbet—for he was gibbeted in chains, exposed to the four winds of heaven and the gaze of every passer-by—it was shown, beyond the possibility of doubt, that he was not merely guiltless, but that he had fallen a sacrifice to his regard for her whom he was accused of having murdered. The incoming tenant

who succeeded Shaw, while rummaging in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, discovered in a cavity on one side of the chimney, where it appeared to have fallen, a paper written by the wayward girl, announcing her intention of committing suicide, and ending with the words, "My inhuman father is the cause of my death," thus explaining her expiring gesture. This document being shown, the handwriting was recognised and avowed to be Catherine's by many of

her relatives and friends. It became the public talk, and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, ordered the body of William Shaw to be given to his relatives for interment. Willing to make some reparation to his memory, and to show some sympathy with the feelings of his relatives, they caused a pair of colours to be waved over his grave. It was all the compensation they could award.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

BY JOHN KEAST LORD, F.Z.S., NATURALIST TO THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITIONS.



TOR.

CHAPTER XXXII.—JOURNEY TO TOR.

We camped on our first night after quitting Sinai at the tamarisk grove before described. The next morning soon after leaving it we turned sharply away to our left, and followed a stiff ascent to reach a pass, one of the grandest I ever saw. It was more like an enormous cleft in the rocks than a narrow valley. Stupendous cliffs of granite rocks shut in both sides of the pass, while along its centre lay immense blocks of stone, which had weathered off and rolled down into the gorge. The descent into Wâdy Hebron is extremely steep; and was, I am informed, impassable for camels until Abbas Pasha, with his 5,000 soldiers, made a road through it fit for a wheeled carriage to travel over. By this road all the materials for the palace he commenced to build near Sinai were transported from Tor. Once, and only once, was the poor Pasha conveyed in his carriage by this road from Tor to Sinai, before he met his untimely fate. Heavy floods, and the wear and tear of time's corroding fingers, have already all but destroyed this wonderful road; and, strange to say, useful as it is to the Bedouins for their camel transport from Tor to the interior of the peninsula, they never take the smallest trouble to repair it or keep it in usable condition. Hence it had become so torn up and broken that our camels had the greatest difficulty to get down over it with their loads.

At the foot of the pass we entered Wâdy Hebron, which for some miles is a wide sandy expanse thickly studded with broom bushes and wild sage;

but it gradually narrowed in as we proceeded, until it became more of a rocky defile than wâdy. Where it narrows in, and walls of rock rise up on either side, a stream of beautiful water, cold and free from salt, commences to flow from beneath the rocks; lesser rivulets join it as it goes on its way, until it grows into a good-sized stream. All along the course of the wâdy wild palms grew plentifully, but of most unkempt and shaggy character. We came upon great india-rubber plants and acacia-trees, while along by the rippling water a belt of green vegetation gave the scene almost a meadow-like appearance. Insects swarmed; great dragon-flies dashed in hot pursuit of lesser winged game over the glassy rock pools; brilliant hornets of immense proportions were busy making mortar for their mud nests at every available patch of mud; great humble bees rolled out of one flower and into another half tipsy with sipping the fragrant nectar, to buzz off at last in drowsy delight; while many a feathered minstrel hidden beneath the leafy shade of some flowering shrub or spicy tree, made known his whereabouts by jubilant bursts of song. I have seldom in my wanderings so enjoyed to the full what I may style nature's music. The camel train was far ahead of me. Walking and collecting as I trudged along necessarily kept me a long time upon the road, so that it was often very late when I came up with the encampment. This day I was unusually behind, and thus it came about that I was entirely alone

in this marvellous glen or gorge as the shades of evening began to gather in and the shadows to grow long and ghostly.

A misfortune here befell me that I may as well relate—my last, my only pair of slippers, went to pieces as I walked over the rocks, so that the latter part of my journey into camp was made with bare feet, to me by no means a pleasant mode of travelling, for the sharp rocks and still sharper sand cut me badly. However, I got to camp at last, sore-footed, tired, and hungry. Our camp was on an open sandy plain, a long day's march from Tor. My only pair of boots were made of thin leather, so that half a day's walking would have done for them, and the only alternative left me was to once more betake myself to a cantankerous dromedary. Until my slippers went to pieces I had firmly stuck to my resolution to walk the whole way, and had accomplished over 300 miles, simply measuring from camp to camp. Now my camel-driver, Hassan, had me completely in his power, and he was nearly beside himself with delight to think the Hakeem Bashi was obliged to ride for lack of slippers. We made a very early start for Tor, and my new dromedary behaved most amiably. The only thing I could reasonably complain of was that she insisted upon dropping suddenly upon her front knees the instant she heard any Arab make the curious sound intended to inform a camel that it must lie down. Until I got up to her tricks I was very nearly pitched over her head once or twice when she suddenly dropped in this manner.

One of the dreariest rides I ever remember was from our encampment at the entrance into Wady Hebron to Tor. About twenty miles of flat, sandy desert, without one single thing to break the sameness and monotony of the scene, had to be traversed at the slow walking pace of the camels. The sun poured down floods of dazzling light, and well-nigh scorched us at the same time. We rested awhile under the shadow of an immense acacia-tree, which grew perfectly alone in the very midst of the sandy waste, and served as a kind of directing post for the Arabs, for it marked the half-way betwixt Tor and Wady Hebron. Towards the after part of the day we slowly approached an Arab village, a quaint little place kept, as Feiran is, by a mixed population, mostly blacks, but slaves of the Bedouins. They have extremely nice gardens, fenced in with walls of mud, and irrigated with the old pattern lifting pumps. The hovels in which these labourers reside are built up with stems of date palms, mats, and poles, one compartment serving for a large family. They cultivate a great many date palms, various kinds of vegetables, gourds, and fruits; and here, for the first time in the peninsula, I saw the fan palm growing. Quantities of wild pigeons and doves frequented the trees about the gardens, but, never being molested, were as fearless of man as are our domesticated pigeons. The village is placed upon a hill, and commands a splendid view of the sea, and like a speck in the distance stands Tor. After resting and taking a survey of the village, we started for Tor, about four miles farther ahead. On descending the hill, a perfectly level piece of land has to be traversed, for a mile and a half, to reach the town, and this flat is usually a kind of muddy lake after the rains. Its surface happened when we crossed to be only partially dry, so that the huge flat feet of the camels slid about upon the slippery soil as though they had skates on.

Riding being dangerous, I preferred to walk, so placing my only pair of boots and my socks in the camel-bag, I trudged barefooted through the slush. Our party looked quite formidable, spread out all over the flat; and, as we were expected, the Governor of Tor and his body-guard, in full state costume, awaited us at the edge of the flat where the sandy sea-beach commences.

The quaint little town of Tor consists of about thirty houses; it also boasts a rude kind of pier, a mosque, a bazaar, a governor appointed by the viceroy, and a small detachment of soldiers, and a body-guard of cavassés, or armed police, to attend upon and protect the governor. The houses are every one built entirely with coral, no other building material being obtainable. The blocks of coral of various kinds are built into walls, without undergoing any squaring or dressing, precisely as the fishermen dragged them from off the fringing reef or out of the harbour. And it was one of the oddest things I ever experienced, to be able to collect the shells of various kinds of molluscs, particularly of the boring varieties, from off the walls of a sitting-room in which you were enjoying your coffee and chibouk. I obtained many shells I never met with but amongst the corals forming the walls of the houses at Tor. In some of the walls I noticed "brain corals" that I am confident were over two hundred-weight. The roofs of the houses were made with rafters and cross-beams of date palm, and these were again covered with mats. Of course, there is a drinking-shop, but not, be it imagined, for the use of good Mohammedans; the supposition is that it merely supplies the wants of the foreigners who come to Tor to trade; but a stern sense of justice obliges me to state that this is a pleasant fiction which the faithful would fain have the Frank believe.

We were conducted by the governor and suite—and I feel sure every inhabitant of Tor turned out to stare at us—to his state apartment, a room with coral walls, and a bench carried across at one end, covered with cushions of most uncompromising character. On this divan we coiled up as best we could to await the advent of coffee and pipes, which very soon made their appearance. Coffee dismissed, business commenced: first, the governor expressed his great delight at receiving us, and, after many compliments, offered us coral apartments whilst we remained. But we had been forewarned by all means to avoid taking up our quarters in these Arab houses, for there are very legions of blood-suckers concealed there that literally flay any unlucky individual who may chance to come within their strongholds with a clean and tender skin. Thanking his governorship, we politely declined the honour, and desired that our tents might be pitched on the sea-beach, a little distance from the town.

Our wishes were promptly complied with, and a more delightful camp I never enjoyed. So close was my tent to the sea that I could turn out of my bed, and in three or four strides plunge into the green rippling water: and, with a temperature seldom under 82° Fahr. in the shade, such plunges were truly delightful. In addition to the governor, there were two doctors belonging to the Egyptian service staying at Tor, who had to remain there during the pilgrimage to Mecca to look after the quarantine. All pilgrims returning from Mecca and landing at Tor had to undergo a quarantine of so many days. The harbour at Tor is very wide, and completely shut in by a fringing reef of coral, but it is too shallow to be of

any practical value for large ships at present. It swarms with fish, mostly of the coral-feeding kind, or "parrot-mouthed" fishes, which I have already spoken of in a previous chapter. We had fish every day whilst we remained, for dinner and breakfast, and found it a grand addition to our cuisine. A large trade is carried on at Tor in these "coral-feeding fish." The fishermen catch them in nets, split and dry them in the sun: and in this portable condition they find a ready market in Suez, Cairo, and throughout Egypt generally. There is no water fit for drinking purposes nearer than about two miles from the town, and so the water-carriers are continually travelling to and from the springs with camels and donkeys laden with water-skins. But the water thus obtained is very far from good, being brackish and nearly tepid. We got on rather better than the inhabitants as regards drinking-water, for having men and camels at our command, we sent our barrels to be filled at the village upon the hill, where the water is remarkably good.

My time whilst at Tor was mainly employed in skinning sea and land birds, a great many of the waders being obtained upon the muddy flat. One day was set apart, at the request of the governor, to visiting a grove of date palms and a thermal spring, about a mile and a half away across the flat, but under a ragged-looking hill called, from the fact of these hot springs issuing from it, *Jebel Hammam*, or the hill of the baths. Donkeys were provided, but I preferred trusting to my own legs, and shooting as I tramped across the flat; very damaging, though, to my boots. The spring issues from under the hill in two or three tiny streams, which are conducted into a kind of reservoir dug in the ground and rudely walled round the sides. This bath has long been esteemed by the Bedouins as a certain cure for almost every ailment. The water issues at about a temperature of 92° Fahr., but soon becomes tepid after it enters the tank. It has a most abominable odour—I suppose of sulphuretted hydrogen—and is nauseous and bitter to the taste.

Some pasha was so delighted with the good accruing to himself from bathing in this hot water, that he caused a handsome building to be erected over the springs, where he could reside, while he put up a large bath, away from, and altogether independent of the tank. This building has been in great measure demolished, partly by design and partly by damp and neglect. The stream when it escapes from the tank flows along an artificial channel, on each side of which groves of splendid date palms appear to flourish in the greatest perfection. They are mainly claimed by the Governor of Tor, although I believe the monks of St. Catherine have a right to some of the trees, or a certain quantity of the dates. The dates, when ripe, are stitched up in goat-skins and sent to Cairo or elsewhere.

Most of the inhabitants of Tor are followers of Mohammed, so they have a small mosque in the centre of the town; but there are a few who belong to the Greek Church, and they have a small chapel under the care of a monk sent from the convent. It seems to be the general custom in the evening for the dignitaries and trading people of the town to assemble on the pier, which is roofed over with mats like an arcade, and there to discuss affairs in general, sip coffee, blow clouds of tobacco smoke, and lounge at their ease. The nights are rather pleasant, as the sea breeze comes cool and fresh. After the row we had at Sinai, and the feud existing in consequence betwixt

the soldiers and Bedouins, and as our work was nearly completed, we deemed it expedient to send back our military escort to Suez by boat. With a fair wind it was only five or six days' voyage, for the Arab boatmen never sail at night, but anchor nearshore in some snug place. So, much against their wills and wishes, they were packed off in boats to Suez, which place they reached in safety.

I have little more to record about Tor, save that I was extremely glad to leave it, and make my way back without further hindrance to Suez.

We made an early start on a Saturday, being escorted some little distance by the governor, who had been very kind to us. We bade him good-by with hearty wishes for his future happiness, and proceeded on our way. We had only now a light travelling train, all heavy baggage having been sent on per boat in charge of the men. Our first march was for nine hours, and over a sandy plain devoid of every vestige of shade, and with a temperature of over 100° Fahr. We passed partly through Wady Owadidge, and then kept along Wady Ghar, which in some places is over twenty miles in width. We encamped near the end of this immense wady, and did without tents, to facilitate the morning start. Next day we crossed a low watershed and entered the lower part of Wady Feiran; then traversed the beach close to the sea, and encamped at Nazazat about sundown. We were off again at 5 A.M., and visited some salt and sulphur mines at the entrance into Wady Laggim. From this we crossed a wide plain called Markor, bestrewn with the *débris* and wash from the eddies brought down by many a torrent, to come again close to the sea, not far from a rude tomb, said to be that of Aboo Sâlimâ, who, it is said, was murdered near the place where his remains rest. What he was, or whence he came, I could never learn. We rested for the night about four miles beyond this tomb. Tuesday has come: we start at four o'clock in the morning, and the sun is just gilding a ridge of white, chalky-looking hills on the west; and the barren plain before us, as I look over it, reminds me of a gigantic turnpike road. After some miles of this dismal plain we enter Wady Tibâh, and leaving that, follow up Wady Usiet, the remainder of our journey being nearly along the course we took on starting, only keeping the road amidst the hills, instead of close to the seaside. The route we followed came up to my ideal of a howling wilderness: no shade, and hardly a trace of vegetation. We camped in a small hollow the Arabs designated a wady, after twelve hours' shaking upon camel-back. Thursday we were early starters, for our hopes were bright at the thought that we might by hard travelling reach Suez in the evening. Five hours' brisk progress brought us to Moses' Wells, where we were detained some time by a frightful sand-storm; but fortunately the wind lulled, and we reached the boat, landing about four o'clock opposite Suez. The wind blew quite a gale, and we had some little trouble to find an Arab boatman who would risk crossing the gulf. At last "bak-sheesh" did it, and we scudded the distance, gunnel under, in about ten minutes, that occupied an hour to accomplish when we made our start.

Once more we were again safely in Suez, and my mission was finished. My endeavour has been to give my readers a plain, truthful account of our rambles over the Peninsula of Sinai, and let me hope I have satisfactorily fulfilled my task.

Varieties.

KIRKE WHITE.—The celebrated inscription on Kirke White's monument at St. John's, Cambridge, was written, not by Professor Langton, as stated in the June "Leisure Hour," but by Professor Smyth, Fellow of Peterhouse, and for many years Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

THE GENEVA CONVENTION.—The originator of the conference was a M. Henri Dunant, who had been profoundly impressed by the horrors which he witnessed after the battle of Solferino. His first step was to publish an account of his experiences, in a work entitled, "Un Souvenir de Solferino." The Société Genevoise d'Utilité Publique was, in common with the rest of Europe, so much struck with the disclosures thus made, that on M. Dunant's proposal in February, 1863, it discussed the question "whether means might not be found to form, during a time of peace and tranquillity, relief societies, whose aim should be to help the wounded in time of war, by means of volunteers, zealous, devoted, and well qualified for such a work." After this an international conference was invited to assemble at Geneva on the 26th of October of the same year, to discuss the advisability of the proposed measure, and to draw up a scheme for carrying it out. At this conference fourteen governments, including those of Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Italy, and Russia, were represented by their delegates, and propositions were drawn up. These are too well known to need mention here: it will suffice to say, that within a few months fifteen States expressed their willingness to accept these propositions as part of an international code. The Swiss Federal Council summoned a congress to complete an international convention. This congress was held at Geneva, on the 8th of August, 1864, and out of the delegates of sixteen States who were present, twelve signed the convention at once. Since then all the civilised States in the world have given in their adhesion to it, except the United States. In 1867, an international conference was held at Paris, for still further developing and carrying out in a practical manner the principles of the Geneva Conference, and another at Berlin in 1869 with the same object: one notable feature of these two conferences was the extension of the principles accepted for land to naval warfare.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—The following details of the cost of the banquet and procession on Lord Mayor's Day, 1868, may serve as a sample of the expenses incurred on such occasions. The total cost amounted to £2,631 5s. 9d.; of which sum the Lord Mayor paid £1,215 12s. 11d.; the two sheriffs, each, £607 16s. 5d.; and the City Lands Committee, £200. The contract for dinner and wine only, as supplied from the "Albion," was £1,232 9s. 4d. The decorations cost £665 19s. 7d., which included £325 paid for upholstery; £42 19s. 9d. for the loan and removal of statuary; loan and cartage of armour, £5 14s.; repairing and arranging flags, armour, etc., £27 1s.; hire of shrubs and plants, £35; hire of awning, £38; gas and gas-fitting, £142; carpenter, £33 6s. 9d.; insurance of pictures and statuary, £13 17s. 9d. The cost of the procession was £235 3s., which included the moneys paid for the several bands, banners, banner-bearers, rosettes, scarves, allowance to troops, mounted police, and gravelling the streets. The music in Guildhall, including the band of the Coldstream Guards, the quadrille-band, the trumpeters, and vocalists, cost £50 19s. The bills for printing and stationery amounted to £155 10s., the dinner-tickets alone costing £25. The general expenses amounted in the whole to £241 4s. 10d. These comprised, among other items, wands and decorations for committee, £59 5s.; gold pens and pencil cases for chairman and secretary, £9 9s.; seal for chairman and engraving same, £7 7s.; toilet articles, gloves, perfumery, etc., £26 17s.; Corps of Commissioners, for attendance of fifty men, £10; refreshments for committee and guard of honour, £11 0s. 6d.; assistant to secretary, £21; issuing tickets, disbursements, and preparing list of company, £24 7s. 2d.; toastmaster and assistants, £5 5s. The "men on roof," of whom there were four, to guard against fire, were paid £2 2s.; and the bellringers at seven churches received £14 14s. The remaining items were for messengers, attendances, and general petty disbursements.

NIAGARA.—How any one could be disappointed in Niagara is to me amazing. I have no such powers of imagination as to expect a more magnificent sight in this world—greater majesty combined with nobler beauty. I am upwards of eight-and-thirty, and therefore in some respects obtuse, yet I was moved to tears, and I sat long without a desire to see beyond this first view, though aware I was not at one of the grandest points.

But fortunately I had no guide to *bother* me, which was the next best thing to having some one to sympathise with me. No picture can give a just impression, and certainly no description. To convey, then, something of that inexpressible feeling which brought tears, I must have recourse to the poetical descriptions of St. John, where he speaks of having heard "the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." It was that combination of majesty with power, and with a sense of continuance, that so impressed me. That this glorious scene should have been going on day and night for thousands of years was a startling thought, and it brought up so many other thoughts of things—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"—and so many others besides followed, that I do not know where my mind had wandered to before I thought of stirring. The enormous volume of water brought before me what a huge breaker like those at Miltown would be, if the sea ever rose so high as the cliffs at Kilkee and then toppled over. On the Canada side, where the river is deeper, this is still more striking, for the crest of the fall is a full emerald green, as clear as glass, and the water, as it falls, foams gradually, till at last it rushes down, and is then lost in the white smoke-like spray which is continually rising. This spray appears at first like a white shifting cloud, but watching it, you distinctly see the jet upwards, and have, in one view, the plunge of the heavy waters into the abyss, the upward feathers from below, and the misty diffusion of the light particles in the air. I was reminded of the Devil's Tablecloth on Table Mountain, which is perpetually rolling down, and then, as it were, dissolving into spray. I often thought it looked like a waterfall, and now I find a waterfall like it. Rainbows of course are seen at different hours in great variety and splendour, with colours as vivid as those of Turner's pictures, or of the *real* sky.—*Memoirs of Professor Harvey of T. C., Dublin.*

LIVERPOOL SAILORS.—From the annual report of the Liverpool Seamen and Emigrants' Friend Society, which was not mentioned in our recent notice of that town, we learn that it has been in existence nearly half a century. Its numerous active agents, ministers and laymen, labour among the seamen, riggers, and dockmen of the port of Liverpool, holding services in Bethels and other places of worship, and in the open air also, which is of much importance, in order to reach the classes it is desired to influence. Various other agencies are employed. The lending libraries of the society, to the number of three hundred and five, are among its most valuable means of imparting instruction. Each library, consisting of twenty-five volumes of religious, instructive, and entertaining works, is consigned to the care of the captain of all ships willing to receive them, to be lent to the sailors during the voyage.

THE PRUSSIAN UHLAN.—The Prussian Uhlán of 1870 seems destined to fill in French legendary chronicle the place which, during the invasions of 1814-1815, was occupied by the Cossack. A correspondent gives the following description of this dread of the French peasantry:—A Uhlán is about the best-mounted cavalry man in the service; the average weight of a man with his accoutrements is about 160 lb. German. The horse appointments are very similar to those of our own cavalry, i.e., they have the ordinary cavalry saddle and bridle. But the manner of packing away a Uhlán's kit is different. First of all, they have but one wallet, which holds the pistol; the other is an ordinary leather bag, which looks like a wallet; in this they stow away a pair of boots, brushes, etc., for cleaning their accoutrements. Below the saddle there is an ordinary saddle-cloth. Then across the saddle—on which the man sits—is his whole kit, which consists of one pair of canvas trousers, loose canvas jacket, and two pairs of stockings, packed carefully away in a bag resembling a valise. The cloak—no cape—is rolled up and placed at the back of the saddle. They carry two corn sacks, containing 6 lb. of corn in each, on either side of the cloak, and a mess tin encased in leather, strapped on to the back of the saddle. Over all this comes the shabraque. The lance is a clumsy-looking weapon, weighing 4½ lb. The man's dress is similar to our Lancers—Uhlán is but the Polish name for Lancer—with the exception of the overalls, ours having leather, the Prussians wearing boots.

LONDON.—The metropolis now covers an area of nearly 700 square miles, inhabited by a population of above three millions and a half.